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PARAPHRASE OF THE CIV. PSALME.

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BY

DAVID MVRRAY.

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To his ſacred Maieſtie.

THat princely Prophet whoſe celeſtiall Vaine,
In ſweeteſt Meaſures, & ſoule-charming Layes,
To his deare Harpe ſo fealingly bewrayes
Mans perfect Way to Pleaſure and to Paine:
Bequeath'd the Skill of his Skie-foſtered Braine,
(Whilſt he himſelfe crownd with immortall Rayes,
Of endleſſe Glory reſts, not fading Bayes)
Here Phœnix *like to be renewd againe.*
And as from that Arabian *Birds ſweet Aſhe*
One ſtill proceedes of like admired Wing:
The ſacred Furie of beſt Iſraels *King*
To Britanes *Monarch doth ſo fully paſſe,*
By which inflam'd He ſings, that Heauens Decree,
None worthy DAVIDS *Muſe, &* Harpe *but* He.

Your Maieſties humble ſeruant,

Dauid Murray.

A PARAPHRASE
of the CIV. PSALME.

MY Soule praiſe thou *Iehouahs* holie Name,
For he is great, and of exceeding Might,
Who cloth'd with Glorie, maieſtie, and Fame,
And couered with the garments of the light,
The azure Heauen doth like a Courtaine ſpred,
And in the depths his chalmer beames hath layd.

The Clouds he makes his chariot to be,
On them he wheeles the chriſtall Skies about,
And on the wings of *Æolus*, doth Hee
At pleaſour walke; and ſends his Angels out,
Swift Heraulds that doe execute his will,
His words the heauens with firie lightnings fill.

The Earths foundation he did firmelie place,
And layd it ſo that it ſhould neuer ſlyde,
He made the Depths her round about embrace,
And like a Robe her naked ſhores to hide,
Whoſe waters would o'rflow the Mountains high
But that they backe at his rebuke doe flie.

At the dread voice of his conſuming thunder,
As theſe retire, the mountaines in the Skie
Doe raiſe their tops, like *Pyramids* of wonder,
And at their feet the pleaſant valleys lie,
And to the floods he doth preſcribe a Bound,
That they Earths beautie may no more confound.

The fertile Plaines he doth refresh and cheare
With pleasant Streames which from the Mountaines fall,
To which (to quench their Thirst) all Beastes draw ne are,
Euen to the Asse whom neuer Yoake did thrall:
And on the Trees by euery chrystall Spring,
Heauens Quiristers doe sweetly bill and sing,

The thirstie Tops of Skie-menacing Hils
He from the Clouds refresheth with his Raine,
And with the Goodnes of his Grace he fills
The Earth, with all that doth therein remaine,
He causeth her both Man and Beast to feede
The wholesome Herbes, and tender Grasse to breede.

The fruitfull Yuie strict-embracing Vine,
To glad Mans Heart he hath ordaind and made,
And giues him oyle to make his Face to shine,
And to encrease his Strength, and Courage breede,
The mighty Trees are nourishd by his hand,
The *Cedars* tall in *Lebanon* that stand.

On whose wide-spreading, high and bushie Tops,
The slightering Birds may build their Nests in peace,
And in the *Firre* that pitchie Teares foorth drops,
He hath preparde the *Storke* a dwelling Place.
The Mountaines are vnto the Goates refuge,
And in the Rockes the *Porcupines* doe lodge.

He hath appointed Seasons for the Moone,
To fade, to grow, whiles faire to looke, whiles wane,
And makes bright Phœbus when the Day is done,
In THETIS Lappe to diue his head againe:
He clowdes the Skies, and doth in Darknes pight,
Ou'r all the Earth the Courtaines of the Night.

Then all the beastes from out the forrest creepe,
To seeke his pray the Lyon loudlie roares,
The Serpents hisse, the Crocodile doth weepe,
As if she wold bewaile them she deuoures,
And when the Sunne returnes they all retire,
And in their Dennes doe couch them selues for feare.

And then doth man in safetie freelie goe,
To ply his worke with diligence till Night,
Thy wondrous wonders who, O Lord, can show?
The earth is filled with thy Glory bright,
And thou hast stor'd the Deepe-wyd Ocean Sea,
With Fish, Beasts, Monsters, nomberles that be.

There doe the Winged Wooden Forts forth goe,
To climbe the glassie mountaines with their Keeles,
There *Liuiathan* wanders to and fro,
And through the waltring Billows tumbling reeles,
Who in that Liquid *Labyrinth* enclos'd
Doth play and sport as thou him hast dispos'd.

All liuing things, O Lord, doe wait on thee
That in due season thou mayst giue them food,
And thou vnfolds thy liberall hands most free
And giues them euerie thing may doe them good:
Thy blessings thou so plenteouslie distills,
That their aboundance all things breathing fills.

But if thy face thou doe withdraw in wrath,
Thy creatures all then languish, grieue, and murne,
Or if thou angrie take away their breath,
They perish straight and into dust returne:
But when thy Sprite thou sends them to renew,
All fresh doth flowrish, Earth regaines her hue.

In his moſt glorious workes let God reioyce,
Who makes the Earth to tremble with a looke,
Let men admire and Angels with their voice
Extoll his Name whoſe touch makes Mountaines ſmooke;
To this thought-paſſing ſpeech-expreſleſſe, Lord,
While Breath extends will I ſtill praiſe afford.

He willreceiue my humble ſute in loue,
And in his fauour I ſhall euer joye,
The wicked from the Earth he will remoue,
And whollie heauen-diſpiſing wormes deſtroy.
But whilſt they buried lie in endleſſe ſhame,
My Soule praiſe thou *Iehouahs* holy Name.

D. M.

FINIS.